the slightest beat / the tachycardia of his intimate history
youre infected with the nervousness the anxiety
of those who act like they breathe
like they have a certain trace of carnivorous plants about them
& spend hours waiting for their companion Tenderness
that call girl who rarely arrives
those who come running from the tear gases
& billy clubs of the major avenues
of the major & minor stains that can't be removed
with Pine-Sol or 1 stroke of 1 Kleenex
those who ignore who they are / *& don't even want to know*
when the climate's reputation gets worse by the day
those perpetual sufferers from amnesia who suck their thumbs with joy
because the Earthly Paradise is here & not in Miami
those who promise to declare this autonomous territory independent island
that will not degrade into scrap metal ruins supermarkets

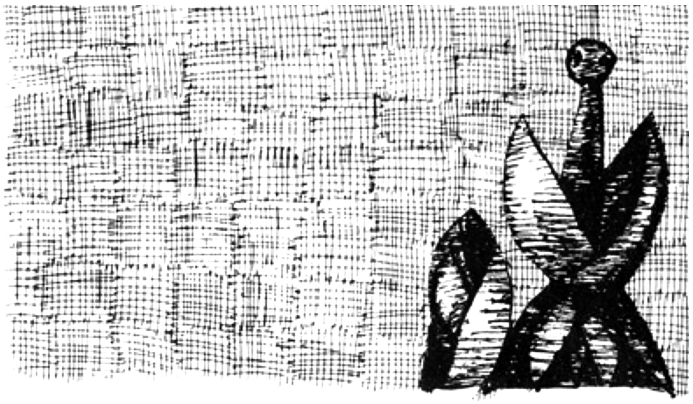
At the moment 1 hit song
entangles its rhythm
with the rain's strange samba
& 1 fatally fleeting order is established
so they can continue to dominate the scene
hair in disorder /
enormous eyes moist
& as if risen from the very chiaroscuro of the night
1 girl appears her muddy fists against her thighs
repeating 1 / 2 / 3 times:
I am not 1 sex object / I am not that you robots /
I'm alive / like 1 forest of eucalyptus
here where the norm is to be implacably nice
to each other

LEAP YEAR ADOLESCENCE

FOR BLAISE CENDRARS

Back then I worked with 1 kryptonite chisel
/ sharper & more lethal /
Than coyotes' teeth
& much more than 1 marsupial's pouch
I stroked my fly in front of windows & behind them
Chinese brides: freak strokes of luck
& refrains of that sort
My smiles: subway stairs
My glances: surfboards
pointed in 1,000 directions / every step
Hammers without 1 nail but with rain lots of rain in my pockets
Poetry grew in beauty
To sleep was to wake up / in its alveoli
Shaking my hair like 1 fist: my eye like 1 shuttlecock
Drooling streets of people who'd rather fuck around than spare their shoes
Free money! free highways!
Free rides to Monte Albán!
I was in love with llamas
Conversed with centipedes
Tattooed the monosyllabic gossip streetlights trumpet on anvils
The city was all lip / all cocoon / all tit to me
The missus & I played games like the wall & the piss
Hemoglobin was 1 joke that never got old
Breathing was so Mark Twain / so William Burroughs to me
...1 donkey laden with...
1 molotov cocktail inside & out

The desert blasted—at last—by the human voice
The itch in my bones: solid calcium
sticking seeds in the earth
& sleigh bells on boats
—dissecting the batteries of monstrosity—
Exploding the space of dances
with nothing but the usual moves
Taken very hot & very deep with only myself for 1 partner



letting grace sympathy sudden vibrations tip the scale
of supply & demand
Chance: that other antipoet & incorruptible bum
those who come here to weep / until they carve for themselves—as in wood—
the face of some paranoid martyr
after smashing—not exactly from devotion—
the seats of the movie theaters
the 1 who writes his will or his epitaph on 1 wrinkled napkin
& then blows kisses to the wind / —& everyone assumes
it's his birthday or last night he got hitched in holy matrimony—
& all the hypotheses turn out too fragile to explain
why he used 1 gun & not 1 can of paint
if he seemed capable of seducing to the point of fever / the pulse
& the pupil of Giotto
the 1 who always greets you with I'm desperate
& yourself?
those who love rabidly like street dogs
—through thick & thin—
& 1 calls them blooming lovers
& they're aphrodisiacs not only to the sensibilities of Marc Chagall
those who meet death in person
in the hour when suicide becomes an obsession
1 disheveled desire to bite & be bitten
to have done with all those pipe dreams
that seem indestructible
to momentarily create such a Power
that the daily cement mixers destroy you
like 1 brown paper bag
& then you understand the 1 who'd like to bury
under mountains of plants
buildings / black earth

The humid air of April / the lewd wind of autumn /
the hail of August & July
all here present with their fingerprints

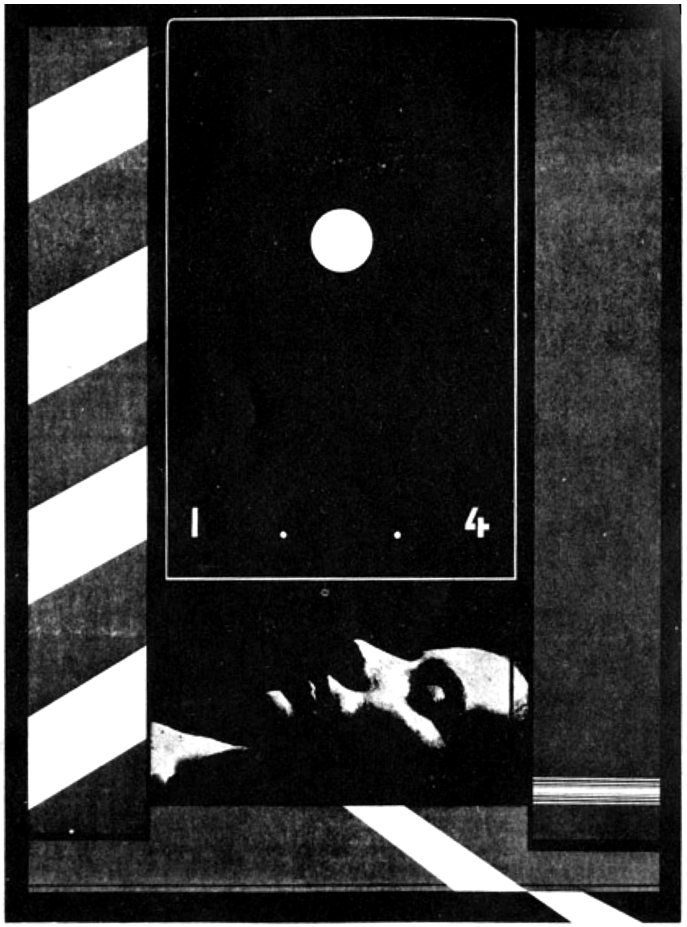
Alcohol
piss / what hasn't fertilized this grass
how many sub-minimum-wage gardeners will leave their watery proteins
in this trap

Reality & Desire get thrashed / get chopped up
they spill out over each other
like they never would in 1 of Cernuda's poems
foam runs from the mouth of the 1 who speaks wonders
& it would seem he lived in the clouds
& not on the outskirts of this barrio

For now you stretch out face down toward the shade
of the long & hairy legs of the parks
where they gather:
the 1 who dreams of revolutions that stay too long in the Caribbean
the 1 who' like to rip out the eyes of the billboard heroes
to expose the hollowness of the farce
the girl with the feline & filmic green eyes
even if on getting closer they turn out to be blue or who knows
the student all adrenaline & erupting pores
the 1 who believes in nobody / nor in the Kantian beauty
of some admirers of Marcuse
& bursts out yelling that were putrefied by rage /
dehydrated from so many tomes of theory
the occasional little whore who shares the torrent of her solitude
with strangers

LOU ANDREAS-SALOMÉ GREETS FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

The mind is 1 flower of unbridled tentacles
but the body is queen
the sultana of swing
the lady Godiva of queen bees
the magess that vibrates & works herself up
the bubbly dip in the depths
the brew of masturbating stars
the triangular burn when you break down her door
& heartbeats & cramps soak in lechery
the Grasshopper kisses the Scorpion
& vice versa / & etceteras



Klaus Heider, Entre los dias uno y cuatro de 1971.

& this is the lesser evil

The park trembles / my inner steps carry me
through the streets of 1 green seaport
the natives call Mescaline
1 sensation unknown until now
like being scientifically certain what DNA tastes like
after making love

If this isn't Art I'll slash my vocal cords
my tenderest testicle / I'll stop blathering
if this isn't Art

1 tree branch bends under the weight of 1 sparrow
or rather 1 sparrow ends up shattering 1 branch that's already broken

We're still alive
somehow or other we must name the islands of crystals
that with the luxury of violence trample the softest regions of your eyes
reality seems like 1 miniature made to scale from mica
but also your eyelids your perception & its straitjacket
Material & Energy /
& the courage to stick your tongue inside their tongue

This is 1 very peculiar day
vibrant quotidian anonymous
absolutely earthly as we often say on days of celebration
or during the ever more frequent house raids
the fear lights up your stomach & it burns

to get drunk on smog or whatever / so as not to add
to the scandals
that already make the public roads impassable
by those who were born to be lavishly kissed by the sun
& its earthly ambassadors
by those who talk of fabulous copulations / of females you can't believe
in this geological age
of vibrations that would make you 1 fervent propagandist for Zen Buddhism
by those who at 1 point were saved
from the accidents the crime rags call substantial
& that by the way—for now—aren't counted among the flowers of the Absurd

That's how it is on the trapeze on the tightrope
of this 1,000-ring circus
1 old man rattles on about the thrill he felt at seeing Gagarin
fluttering like 1 fly in outer space
& pity the starship wasn't called Icarus I
that Russia is so fiercely anti-Trotskyite
& then his voice dissolves / collapses
between cheers & boos

Reality & Desire get thrashed / get chopped up
they spill out over each other
like they never would in 1 of Cernuda's poems
foam runs from the mouth of the 1 who speaks wonders
& it would seem he lived in the clouds
& not on the outskirts of this barrio

ALREADY FAR FROM THE ROAD

TO THE MEMORY OF INFRAÍN

Vibrations
Vibrations — whips
1 sound comes from the shadow
quickly forms 1 sphere
1 farm
1 group
1 armada
1 universe of Universe
—Henri Michaux

1
Some grubby pants & death in the chest
Right on man!
I'll see you there by the wall
/ just past the loading zone /
winds crystallizing on the left
fins of the dust : your fins
1 oasis harpooning the dryness in us
In the daughter of your eye / the graveyard
: Mezcalito casting posies :
Earth & its opposite : deer silent as the noises at their weddings
You shouldn't go / but you should go

2
(In this shadow this strange fruit nestles
that's the heart of the amphibious & precocious infrarrealist becoming)

Sons of Pablo de Rokha are we
Before writing this / we were already flying
Then the continuum of the written was less patrolled
Breath danced on the tip of the tongue
We transformed caressing the ayayay of every wound

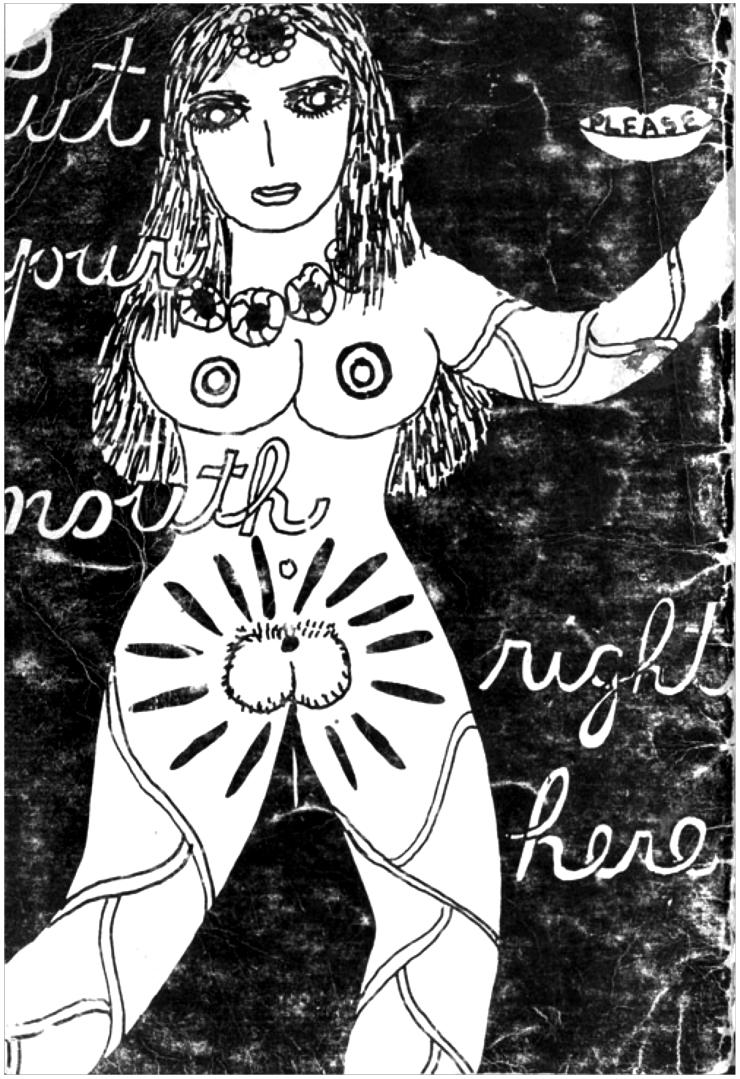
We're poets
Cymbals of the black sun
that magnetizes us

3
Neither lumpens nor proletarians
The wage-earning demigod
not 1 pen bursts in our abysses
: The infra-dawns in the spider's House of Usher :
Sweet clitoris plays paddle ball / embarks as for the 5 mountains in 2
lutes
At tender gallop & flowing mane
Rubayat is in love
with
Ramayana

4
Our tongue has been barbed
It's watermelon / dripping deep-laughing vagrant
Adventure that's torn open our abrasions

ADVICE FROM 1 DISCIPLE OF MARX TO 1 HEIDEGGER FANATIC

The world gives you itself in fragments / in splinters:
in 1 melancholy face you glimpse 1 brushstroke by Diirer
in someone happy the grimace of 1 amateur clown
in 1 tree: the trembling of birds sucking from its crook
in 1 flaming summer you catch bits of the universe licking its face
the moment 1 indescribable girl
rips her Oaxacan blouse
just at the crescent of sweat from her armpits
& beyond the rind is the pulp / & like 1 strange gift of the eye
the lash
Maybe not even Carbon 14 will be able to reconstruct the true facts
The days are gone when 1 naturalist painter
could ruminate over the excesses of lunch
between movements of Swedish gymnastics
& without losing sight of the rose-blue tones of flowers he wouldn't have imagined
even in his sweetest nightmares
We are actors of infinite acts
& not exactly under the blue tongue
of movie spotlights
for example now / that you see how Antonioni passes by
with his usual little camera
observed by those who prefer to bury their heads in the grass



What we've been we are in the crescendoing of echoes
For such shoulders : such thighs
For those ankles / those steps
Lessons of cleansing by the scalpel

5
...Gray is the Theory...
Red the fuzz of Cannabis / The Wireless

6
The fight? / Against the power of phara$aical ign
(Mask VS Longhair)
10 years later we're still being tribal
/ lubricous wherever /
In Jalapa : Minneapolis : Iquitos : Ivry-sur-Seine : Gerona :
Glen & Canyon
Dogs inhabited by voices of the desert
Aztec priests blinded by the flame by the song of the body
& the flame of the body that's the song
Reality sandwiches!

7
The compost of language doesn't germinate
if it isn't in deeds already poverty incarnate
The Marabu triumph in Nahuatl lands
—How much for the singing rabbit? / With wings?
—Happy Un-Birthday
Infrarrealism isn't some scouring-word
Our nights have anthologized us
Every texticle in its place / that could likely be our nomad's miracle

8
It's Zero Hour again
Jesús Luis scratches *Songs for Thugs* in its light
There are stars like there are desires
there are abysses & there are roads
The piranhas of the day before yesterday
are iguanas of the future
Waves : waves : waves of thirst

9
—What'd those TV people say about us?
/ sons of happy service & generous benefits /
—Oh Holy Satanic Laughter
—Billy Burroughs doesn't even know?
The lowlife jumps for joy
/ They're fireflies at dawn /
—Is that be 1 Sirian haiku?
1 water poet in the sierras?
Delirium's orgasm?

10
Poetry-hendecasyllaboiler
Edgar Allan & Black Sabbath's little sister
dickfaces & fucktrarians
what a lot of trenches
plowed in the guts of the guts

11
I touch wind
: turgid chance :
Our root's talking

The castaway stays in the water / filming himself /
Time to kiss fate
So be it!
Is written on my charred body
In the mute bellow of other bodies
that bury themselves in the visible womb of their I's
We're all María Sabinas conversing with angels
But we forget / overwhelmed by the pain of not knowing ourselves
:: Fractions of 1 second / magnetized moons /
ether bites that jerks off the sun ::

DISMIRROR

TO THE MEMORY OF BELTRÁN MORALES
BACKGROUND MUSIC BY JAVIER SOLÍS

Mural of drunks the day
Explosion: eternal night
Wind made flesh in woman's flowering bone
Wandering like children through the dreams of magic flutes
The rest is living death
Marriage of rats & scorpions
/ *in different times & spaces* /
But tied to the stench the rainbow traces from 1 crematorium to the next
Where no doubt 2 madmen rest giving it 1 sound
Bougainvillea scratches the crotch of the cross to dust
The sun is perpetual multiplication
The song of light
The *tour de force* of the created
That moves / nonetheless /
in the world—free songbird—like 1 blue butterfly
Picasso bites his tail
—caked with human foliage—
The wannabe's specter whistles
The seed extends its thread
The echo's stratospheric truth
pursues it ((at knifepoint))
Beauty is our spiritual Guernica
The portrait of Galatea getting in up in 1 well
/ fresh ass: unnaturally honest porn /
Laurels & Hardys roll through the open wound

/ not the laundering of Power & its ticket-booths
its taxes : its punishments : cynical grins : its wheezing of vanities /

12
Let Tin-Tan burn his zoot suit
The roads are full of other beings
/ not the cubicle or charge /
Remember body how much you lived
How much gospel of the open heavens
/ Subterraneously : sovereignly /
Because it won't be the fear of any fear
that makes us set at half mast
the igneous geyser of our indignation

& this numeral 13 says it well:
Mexican poetry is divided in 2
Mexican poetry & infrarrealism
/ 1 *Tula River to stir up* /

[THE SLEEPWALKING ASSASSIN...]

The sleepwalking assassin passed the gates of empty nightmare
It was snowing in the flustered April night
He'd had it up to here with the garbage strike;
The hero was clutching his scarlet sperm-drenched coat
Excitement kissed his feet
His boots / the scent of 1 destiny foretold on luminous glue trips
    Aaarrrgggghhh!
The Parisian lioness was giving birth to 1 more turd of tedium & myth
But the thirst / the irresistible magnet of desire for more burning honey /
drove our Lord Jim of the Catacombs to tear out his beard
to run after the cunt of 1 angel who only fled from him
((De Chirico looked on like the eye of 1 irregularly sprouted tower))
The sleepwalking assassin sat on the blown-up bridge of the Metro Passy
Cold tore through his guts / the sewer line linking the fall
in 1 dream to the unstoppable gush of another blast of hash
They were massacring the Commune once & for all that night
The brothel was rotting with unusual futility
As far from the river! : what was left of instinct mutely scrawled
The assassin / naked / was doing pirouettes
trailing the dirty icicle shreds of his coat-flag
His knife was the sky that quit being sky
His victim : the snow
1 rootless crucifixion peopled the wagons suspended in the memory
of the dissident clochard who raided the lost history of the Metro Passy
    that night

the p / the a / the double s / the y all scratched out
The station was baptized the Metro Landrú in blows of glass
1 bottle of *Viuda* to the head / 2 prayers in Turkish
My palace is of vertebrae / my River Seine of piss:
    The world already propellerless
    Meat rotting in holy peace
Silence drunk off its ass : suckling the cracks in 1 mythical interstate